A Croke ejus Liber.

THE KITE.

K

AN

Heroi-Comical

POEM.

IN

Three CANTO's.

Ex noto fictum Carmen sequar.

HOR. de Art. Poetic.

OXFORD:
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BRITISH MUSEUM

[* * *]

To *

MADAM,

AT once to ſupply the Want of *Decorations* to the following *POEM*, and effectually to ſcreen it from Cenſure, I beg Leave to give it into *thoſe* Hands, which have the Art of making every Thing agreeable: Beſides, 'tis probable a *Lady* may be deſirous of ſeeing a Trifle, who is Herſelf incapable of making One: Not but that it muſt be own'd, *YOU* were the Cauſe of *This*; which, if *You* deny, I call *CUPID* to Witneſs! ---And if, upon

* * * fair

fair *Trial*, *You* ſtand convicted, *You* will be ſentenc'd to turn all the *Poems*, that come out, into *KITES*, for the Uſe of the whole *Fraternity of Loves*.

Your *Copy-Book* ſeems to have been deſtin'd, from the very Beginning, to ſuch a *Work*; ſo Valuable a *Manuſcript* ought not to be loſt in the Secrecy of a Cloſet: For the *Firſt-fruits* had a particular Honour paid 'em in all Ages, as being Sacred; and ſurely no One cou'd have ſo good a Claim to to Your *firſt Letters* (thoſe *Elements* of Gallantry and Wit) as the *GOD of LOVE*!

But when (as it often happens in Caſes of the greateſt Concern) the *Work* was at a Stand for want of *Materials*, that Pretty Device of *Yours*, of furniſhing the *BIRD* with a *Tail* from the *Parliament-Houſe*, convinc'd me that Every Thing was in Your

Power

Power, who cou'd make even our *TAXES* look agreeable.

I had omitted the Character of *Huntreſs*, but That I knew 'twou'd ſatisfy the Curious, that *DIAN* is ----A certain Lady in *Warwick-ſhire*-- I ſhall only ask Pardon, if thro' my Means *You* fall into the Hands of *Criticks*: You will not take it amiſs, if You meet with ill Treatment from thoſe rude *Creatures*, for *they* ſeldom ſhew due Reſpect to *BEAUTIES*. For my own Part, their Reflections will come too late to *One* who has had his Reward before-hand, in *Your* giving Him this Opportunity of Declaring Publickly, How much He is,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.

28 MR 59

ARGUMENT *of the* Whole POEM.

DIAN's *Character.* Cupid, *Jealous of her growing Power, retires to her Apartment, and ſeizes the* Copy-Book, *by which ſhe firſt learn'd to Write. A Deſcription of it. He finds the* Young Lady *Her-ſelf at her* Harpſichord. *The Particulars of her* Song. Cupid *opens his Deſign of Making the* Kite, *and offers his* Arms *to* Dian. *The* Loves *Deſcend. The* Plan *for the* Kite *is laid out by a* Mechanical Love, *who begs* Cupid's Bow *of* Dian. *They all aſſiſt in the* Work, *'till the Leaves of the* Copy-Book *are us'd. Here* Mercury *ſeaſonably furniſhes them with* Acts of Parliament. *The* Tail *is finiſh'd, and the* Lanthorn *added by* Dian. Cupid *receives it, and inſtitutes the* Game *of* Leaping over the Candle. *A ſhort* Epiſode *on this Subject. One of the* Loves *is ſent to* Æolus, *for a proſperous* Gale *to fly the* Kite. Æolus *his* Cell *deſcrib'd. The* Love *returns with the* Gale *to* Dian. Cupid *gives Directions for the Flight.* Juno's *Envy, who ſends* Iris *to Cut the String. The* Kite *is turn'd into a* Star.

28 MR 59

The KITE.

CANTO I.

DIAN knew well to chace the tim'rous Hare,
Or thro' the Woods purſue the flying Deer;
O'er the high Mound Her Courſer rag'd ſecure,
Eager, yet Conſcious of the Charge he bore:
While Health auſpicious mantled in Her Face,
Glow'd on Her Cheek, and heighten'd ev'ry Grace.

Or if the Clam'rous Echo's of the Field,
To the Gay Dance, and ſweeter Muſick yield,
Her courtly Motion ſet the Soul on Fire,
And told us all the Graces of the Lyre.
If *DIAN* at the *Frame* diſplay'd Her Power,
And charg'd the Needle with the future Flower,
New Life like ſome kind *Deſtiny* She gives,
And in a nobler Loom the * *Heroe* lives:
Here *Ormond*'s Duke Retir'd from Martial Cares,
The Peaceful Scarlet of a Tulip wears;
There Great *Eugene* in Azure Robes array'd,
Confeſs'd his Toils and Dangers well repaid;
Here grew, adorn'd with ev'ry ſpreading Grace,
The *Purple Honours* of the *Gay BORLACE:*
On this fair Stalk the *Gallick* Monarch ſhone,
More Powerful on Her Apron, than His Throne.

* Alluding to particular Names given by *Floriſts* &c. *LOVE*

LOVE with a Jealous Eye beheld the *Fair*,
Number'd Her Conqueſts, and began to fear,
Watch'd ev'ry Glance that wander'd from her Eye,
And ſaw with leſs Succeſs His Arrows fly:
"But muſt that Empire I Derive from Heaven
"Be given to *DIAN* all! So cheaply given!
"Nations no more at my dread Altars Bow!
"And theſe Victorious Shafts lie Uſeleſs now!
"Not ſo the *Golden Trophy Venus* gain'd,
"'Twas with the Ruins of a *Troy* She reign'd,
"When Slighted *Juno*, raging with Deſpair,
"Led ſternly out Her *Booted Greeks* to War.

So griev'd the *God*, and ſtung with Fury fled,
Where Jealous Rage, and Pale Reſentment led.

Sacred to Secrecy, and ſweet Repoſe,
Roſe an Alcove, where rang'd in artful Rows
(By *DIAN* wrought) the Drowzy Poppy grows;
The *Virgin* here, like *Sol*'s declining Ray,
Withdrew her Luſtre, and retir'd from Day;
Gay *Fancy*, ever waking, here retains
Her livelieſt Viſions, and Her ſofteſt Scenes,
While *Slumbers* round their ſilent Station take,
And ſeal thoſe Eyes that keep the World awake:
Where Wedding-Cake, inſpiring pleaſing Dreams,
The happy Partner of Her Bed proclaims,
While *Guardian Loves* the merry Dance begin,
And Jolly *Hymen* leads the Bridegroom in.
In Caskets here unnumber'd Trophies lay,
And loaded Shelves their Mimick Pomp diſplay;

Here

Here Paper-Towns their waving Turrets ſhew,
And Foreſts from her Sciſſars taught to grow;
There the Proud Ship extends its wondrous Frame,
And to the *Maid* brings Home eternal Fame;
Carnations here the lingring Eye regale,
Here ever blows the Lily of the Vale;
The laviſh Roſe here wantons all the Year,
So ſpreads its blooming Leaves, ſo bluſhes here.

Here, to repair his Loſs, Poor *Cupid* flies,
And Darts in ev'ry Cask His Reſtleſs Eyes.

Beneath a gilded Pile of Billetdeuxs,
Cupid at length the *Marbled Quarto* views,
That taught Her Words a Sable Hue to wear,
And bid 'em Pleaſe the Eye, as well as Ear.

In Virgin Order the Coy Letters move,
Nor Modeſt know the cloſer Ties of Love;
Yet not the *Chief*, that boaſts a flouriſh'd Train,
(The Rolling Beauties of a Haſty Pen)
With all His gaudy Ornaments cou'd Pleaſe
More than the ſimple Elegance of Theſe:
Here *A*, by Himſelf *A*, Sirnam'd the *Great*,
With awful Front o'erlooks the little State,
And like *Æneas*, with Majeſtick Pace,
T' *Italian Order* leads his letter'd Race;
While, next Him, little *a* with Youthful Pride,
Trips like *Iülus* by his Father's Side;
Here bending *c*'s diſcloſe half Orbs of Light,
Like the new Honours of the Queen of Night;
There *i*, like the *Fifth Edward*, ſtands diſplay'd,
His Crown for ever hanging o'er his Head:

There

There *o*, diſtinguiſh'd by his curious Round,
And *q* by Children in the Corner found.
The *s*, with arched Neck, and Tail reclin'd,
And the Twin *u*'s in ſacred Friendſhip join'd.
Each Letter thus, by diff'rent Beauties known,
In Order led the gay Succeſſion on.

Trembling with eager Joy, He ſnatch'd the Prize,
DIAN no more grew Hateful to His Eyes;
And now in Haſte His golden Wings He ſpread,
And, all Impatient, ſought the Beauteous *Maid.*

Fix'd to the Lyre, He found the tuneful *Fair*,
The Myſtick Numbers well deſerv'd his Ear;
She Sung, when Ghoſts approach, why Lights burn [Blue,
Why Candles ſhew the future Billetdeux;

Why

Why from the Taper roſe the Virgin-Strife,
Why Chaſteſt Breath recalls it into Life;
Why the Young *Hylas* bids his Father run
T' obey the Summons of a Watry Sun;
And why, to Think, ſhou'd aid the Huſwife's Skill,
And thro' the Joynt conduct the lucky Steel;
What certain Ills ſucceed, if Crickets call,
Why States, and Saltſellars together fall.

The KITE.

CANTO II.

THE *Virgin* ceas'd; and *Venus'* ſmiling *Son*
(The Volume waving in his Hand) begun.

"If e'er I taught that Breaſt to fall, and riſe,
"And empty'd Quivers from thoſe ſparkling Eyes;
"If I, the Lover ſweetly to beguile,
"Spread o'er thoſe dimpled Cheeks that winning Smile,

"Let *Cupid* once his earneſt Wiſh obtain,
"Hear what He asks, nor let Him ask in vain.
"Know then, Fair *Maid*, from *Love*'s great Sov'reign [know,
"Has *Cupid* ought? —'Tis All Fair *DIAN*'s now!
"The World thy gentle Edicts ſhall obey,
"And *Love*'s Liege Subjects hear their Laws from Thee.
"Thee ſhall the *Graces*, Thee the *Smiles* attend,
"And *Young Deſires* around, their Airy Camp extend.
"But ſhall theſe Hands no Mark of Favour boaſt,
"Robb'd of their Arms! —My Bow, my Quiver loſt!
"Ah let the Skilful Maid *a FRAME* prepare,
"Theſe Leaves (ſo Heav'n has doom'd) muſt riſe in Air:
"Then, born on *Zephyrs*, ſhall thy Work be ſeen,
"And Diſtant Eyes adore the *Wing'd Machine:*
"*Cupid* well-pleas'd ſhall guide its eaſy Flight,
"And *DIAN* too ſhall view its wondrous Height!

"At

"At *Jove*'s Command, the Royal *Eagle* flies,
"And bears his rolling Thunder thro' the Skies.
"The gaudy *Peacock* ſtruts in Plumy Pride,
"And ſtalks Majeſtick by a *Juno*'s Side;
"And, tho' *Mamma* prefers her wanton *Dove*,
"*Cupid* ſhall have a better *BIRD* than *Jove*.

Thus urg'd the Power of *Love*—Agreed—ſhe cri'd,
And reach'd the Bow and Quiver from his Side.

Now to their Poſts a Thouſand *Loves* deſcend,
And round the *Fair* with buſy Zeal attend;
Amongſt 'em *ONE*, whom long Experience bleſt
With a *Mechanick Head* above the Reſt.
HE form'd the Ruff in good *Eliza*'s Days,
And firſt confin'd the ſlender Waſt in Stays:

HE firſt with Beauty-Spots adorn'd the Maid,
And bid Her borrow Luſtre from their Shade.
HE knitt the Lover's-Knot, in Times of Old,
And form'd the Circle of the Bridal Gold.
HE on the Ear firſt hung the Sparkling Rings,
His was the Tucker, *his* the Kiſſing-Strings;
HE firſt in *Canvas-Hoop* enclos'd the Maid,
Turn'd the Round-Coif, and rais'd the Stiffen'd-Head.
While other *Loves* the Paſte, or Packthread brought,
Drew out the Plan, and Built the *BIRD* in Thought:
HE ſought the *Wand*, which firſt Her Grandſire bore,
Th' expreſſive Enſign of the Sheriff's Power;
Who, Dying, left the *Trophy* to His Son,
(For ſo Devolv'd the Honours, and the Wand,)
This next the Infant *DIAN* active ſtrode,
And round the Parlor, fancy'd Journies rode:

(Its

(It's Mane, like Gold, in glitt'ring Tinſel ſpread,
And Painted Streamers nodded o'er Its Head.)
But now *Miſs MOLLY*, with becoming Speed,
Preſs'd with Her wanton Weight the nimble *Reed:*
Artful *He* tempts the *little Fair* to ſtay,
And ſteals the long-deſcended Gift away.
The Winged Band with Joy ſurround the Wand,
Fair *DIAN* Smil'd, and thus the *Love* began.
"Ah! Gen'rous Victor, ſpare one uſeleſs Toy!
"Ah! Let us once again *the Bow* enjoy!
"Thoſe Eyes *alone* can greater Miſchiefs do,
"Want not Our *Skill*, and Wound without our *Bow!*
"Be Thine the *Turtles!* Be the *Sparrows* Thine!
"And keep the *Quiver!* —But the *Bow* reſign!
"Crown'd with its Arch, *MARIA's Horſe* ſhall riſe,
"And trail thy Labours thro' the wond'ring Skies!

Thus

Thus *He*: Nor Su'd in vain; *the Maid* gave Ear,
And with a graceful Nod receiv'd his Pray'r.

And now, Diſrob'd of all its Uſeleſs Pride,
Firm to the *Bow* the Pliant *Reed She* ty'd;
As when (ſome full, but diſtant Mark in view)
With ſtretch'd-out Arm the *Parthian* draws his *Yew*;
The String, declining from its cloſing Ends,
Obliquely to the Arrow's Head deſcends;
So fell the Cord, ſo ſtood the Captive *Steed*,
By *DIAN*'s Hand to riſe, for nobler Flights decreed.

The *Little Loves*, not Idle by her Side,
For various Works the *Manuſcript* divide:
Thoſe o'er the Surface ſpread its Leaves, while *Theſe*
Collect the Sacred Relicks for the *STAYS*.

Ex-

Exulting *Cupid* too his Tribute brings,
And waves on high the deeply-ſcollop'd Wings:
With Art divine the Fringe He gather'd round,
And with a Silken Cord the *Taſſels* bound:
His *Bow* with *Theſe* the Power of Love adorns,
And the gay Pendants tremble from its Horns.

Yet ah! what boots his Care? what Grief attends,
And all his Joy at once and Labour ends!
The *Volume* fails! —and ſtill unfiniſh'd lies
The *Bird* of *LOVE!* ſtill wants a *Tail* to riſe!

But while around th' imperfect Work they wait,
Or by the Silent *Maid* all penſive ſate,
HERMES (ſo bids the Laughter-loving Dame)
Like an Old *Juſtice* of the *Quorum* came.

A Dark full-bottom'd Wig his Temples ſhades,
And o'er his Shoulders venerably ſpreads.
An ancient Cane His ſteady Steps did guide,
And an Old Sword ſtuck ſtiffly by his Side:
With a long File of *Senate-Acts* He came,
Theſe Tax'd the *Land* —and Thoſe Secur'd the *Game*:
In *DIAN*'s Skilful Hand He left the Prize,
And quick as Thought ſhot upward to the Skies.
With cautious Skill the ſhining Steel She guides,
And in ſmall Remnants *Hermes*' Gift divides.
Speeches of Kings came flouriſh'd from Her Hand,
And furl'd like *Heroe*'s Plumes their *Edicts* ſtand.
Laws hung like Cambrick on the Wriſts of Beaux
And *ANNA*'s *Acts* look'd like Her *Furbeloes*.
Theſe nicely-gather'd on Her Lace ſhe ſtrung,
And on the *BIRD* Decrees of Nations hung.

Of

Of *Proclamations* next a *Dome* ſhe frames,
Enclos'd *within*, a living Taper flames:
Thro' equal Folds its wanton Blazes play,
And wavy Rounds tranſmit the Silver Ray.
CUPID with Reverence receives the Prize,
(A thouſand Tranſports ſparkling in His Eyes:)
"And ſhall great Actions publick Triumphs grace,
"And does thy Work (He cry'd) deſerve 'em leſs?
"When *Python* by *Apollo*'s Arm lay ſlain,
"And ſtretch'd his livid Body o'er the Plain,
"Revolving Seaſons did the *Deed* proclaim,
"And ſpoke the Conqueſt in the *Pythian* Game;
"In ev'ry Age this juſt Reward was Due,
"And *Roman Games*, as *Roman Heroes* grew;
"But ſtill to *LOVE* proceed no ſolemn Shows,
"No Myrtle Garland binds the Victor's Brows.

"*Hence* then ſhall the Gay Youth and Active Maid,
"In merry Gambols fly o'er **NANCY's* Head.
("For know that trembling Light which glimmers [there
"Was *NANCY* once, a Maid, like *DIAN* Fair)
"When merry Sports the hoary Seaſon brings,
"And raiſes Hinds from *Slaves* to ſhort-liv'd *Kings*,
"When *ROSE* the circling Monarchy obtains,
"And dreadful Whiskers mark diſloyal Swains,
"This ſure at leaſt may *NANCY's* Mem'ry claim,
"And *DIAN's* Work demand a Winter-Evening's [Game.

Thus ſpoke the *GOD*, then ſpread his golden Wings,
And o'er the waving *Taper* active ſprings;
Fair *Venus's* Sons the great Example view,
And o'er the Light their vaulting *Chief* purſue.

* This, with the following Epiſode, referrs to the Riddle,—*Little White* Nancy, *&c.*

But

But ſay, my Muſe, (ſince Thou alone canſt tell,)
How *Nancy* Liv'd, and how lamented Fell!
Nancy, a Virgin of the Veſtal Train,
Hymen in Marriage ſought; but ſought in vain.
In vain He ſtrove with all His Joys to move,
And warm Her Marble Breaſt to Nuptial Love:
The *Nymph*, Regardleſs of His Pray'rs and Sighs,
From His Embraces pale and panting flies;
The *God* purſued; —and now had reach'd the Fair,
As thus ſhe cried— "O Holy *Veſta* hear!
"Let *Nancy* ſtill amid thy Maiden Choir
"From *Hymen* free preſerve thy living Fire!
She ſaid: —and ſudden to a Taper turn'd,
And in his circling Arms, ſtill trembling, burn'd.
"Yet ſhalt Thou, Stubborn Maid, enrag'd He cry'd,
"At all my Wedding-Feaſts, attend the Bride;

"Whereever *Hymen*'s call'd, Thou too be there,
"A Witneſs to thoſe Joys Thou wouldſt not ſhare.
Thus *He* —and on his *Nancy* ſilent gaz'd,
As Her *White-Petticoat*, around her blaz'd.

So great *ALCIDES* from the World retir'd,
And flaming, in the *Magick-Shirt*, expir'd.

The KITE.

CANTO III.

BUT *CUPID* now with anxious Thoughts oppreſs'd
Ceas'd from His *SPORT*, and thus the *Loves* addreſs'd.

"Thus far has *Jove* and *Fate* propitious ſhone,
"Our *BIRD* is finiſh'd, and *One* Labour done!

"*Its*

"*Its* Safety is our next, our chiefeſt Care,
"While High *It* ſoars thro' pathleſs Fields of Air.
"To guard *It* from the Whirlwind's rapid Power,
"Or careful ſhield *It* from the treach'rous Shower:
"Will *Æolus* Implor'd refuſe His Aid?
"Or *Jove* deny when *LOVE* and *DIAN* plead?
Scarce had *He* ended, but a *Love* withdrew,
And on the Wings of gen'rous Duty flew;
Nor tarry'd 'till *He* reach'd the diſtant Cells,
Where the Hoarſe *Wind's* Imperious *Tyrant* dwells.
Here breath'd the *South*, that falls in genial Showers,
And gentle *Zephyr* crown'd with Vernal Flowers:
There blew the *Eaſt*, that buttons Breaſts of Beauxs,
And over *Chloe*'s Neck the Tippet throws;
Or with the *North* in dreadful Union raves,
Whirls o'er the Main, and rolls the madding Waves.

So

So (if great Things may be compar'd with ſmall,
And troubled Oceans to a Jug of Ale)
When *TATTLE* heats the Drink that chears Her Soul,
And to Her Tooth prepares the *groaning Bowl:*
Her giddy Hands the mingling Fluids ſhake,
And the white Bubbles o'er the Surface break.

Unnumber'd Virgins croud on ev'ry Side,
To various Puniſhments condemn'd for Pride.
Belinda here with Pins and Powder ſits,
And at the Glaſs with fruitleſs Labour waits:
Behind *Her* Chair the Ruffling *North* attends,
And ever diſcompoſes as *She* mends:
Raw Vapours ſteam a-round the cruel *Fair,*
And Winds that whiſtle nothing but Deſpair.

There

There *Amoret* cold piercing Blaſts purſue,
And ſtain her Noſe with everlaſting Blue!
Others, whoſe Hoops unwary Youths enflam'd,
Here run —*O L—d! ſo rumpled and aſham'd!*
Thro' *Theſe* the *Love*, and not regardleſs, paſs'd,
As onward to the *Monarch*'s Throne *He* preſs'd:
The *Merchant* here *His* ready Aid implores,
And asks a briſker *Gale* from *India*'s Shores.
There Luckleſs *Hero* for a Calm intreats,
While *Her Leander* tempts the fatal *Streights*:
And *Black-Ey'd Suſan* with Impatience burns,
To know how ſoon *ſweet William*'s Ship returns.
Whilſt *ÆOL* 'midſt *his Guards*, in awful State,
Array'd in Furr, like *Ruſſia*'s Sov'reign Sate:
With ſtretch'd-out Arm diſpenſing Proſp'rous Gales,
To ſwell to Fame and Conqueſt, *Britiſh* Sails.

Now

Now all was huſh'd, and *LOVE* his Silence broke,
And thus the Wind-compelling King beſpoke.

"If ever *DIAN's* Beauty reach'd thy Cell,
"If e'er thine Eye beheld the Sportive *Belle*,
"When the Fair *Huntreſs*, foremoſt of the Train,
"Grew to Her Steed, and ſcowr'd along the Plain:
"If *Æol* then in conſcious Rapture ſtray'd,
"And round Her Neck, in glad Confuſion, play'd;
"If then, with greedy Joy, Her Lips He preſs'd,
"Rumpled Her Tucker, and unveil'd Her Breaſt;
"That Hand, that did ſo ſoft thy Bliſs reprove,
"Gives to thy Charge, this Day, the *BIRD* of *Love*:
"Let *Zephyrs* then, in active Whiſpers breath,
"But ev'ry other Wind be ſtill, as Death!

"This *FAN* be Thine, and ſuch in Love it's Pow'r,
"Not *Jove* in all His Shapes e'er boaſted more:
"When future Paſſions ſhall thy Breaſt invade,
"Be this the Preſent to the Fav'rite *Maid*;
"*It's* Sheet unfurl'd, reveals a Scene of Gold,
"And *Love* in Ambuſh lies in ev'ry Fold;
"Soon as Her Hand *theſe painted Altars* raiſe,
"The Nymph, not vainly, with my Arrows plays;
"*This* ever ſhall new Thoughts of Thee ſuggeſt,
"And bear Thee to Her Lips, and waft Thee to Her [Breaſt.

Thus He —and the grim *Monarch* of the Wind
In ſwelling Bags, a happy *Gale* confin'd;
With Theſe well-fraught, the *Love* returns to Day,
And back to *DIAN* wings his liquid Way.

The

Now with the *Bird* She ſeeks the flow'ry Meads,
(Pancies, and Dazies, grow where e'er She treads;)
The *little Loves* around, with decent Pride,
Hang on Her Hoop, and Triumph by Her Side.

Lo! Mid the Ranks, ſuperiour, *CUPID* moves,
And *Iſſues* out His Orders to the *Loves*;
To Theſe He gave the *Lanthorn*, and the *Tail*,
But *trebly* charg'd 'em to ſupply the *Gale*:
A choſen Cohort from the Reſt he drew,
And to Their Care aſſign'd th' important *Clue*.
"Soon as the *Maid* in equal Poiſe ſuſtains,
"And on Her Arm my *Bird* obliquely leans,
"You forward Haſte —(*this Glove* ſhall be the Sign)
"With Judgment to contract, or give *It* Line;

"Do You with Caution from the *Tail* repair,
"But Yield the *Lanthorn* with diſtinguiſh'd Care!
"Who diligent, this Day, attends my *Bird*,
"His Hand ſhall, next to *CUPID*'s, Hold the Cord.

The *Glove* was wav'd —The ſteady *Engine* flew,
Sprung into Air, and leſſen'd to the View;
Proudly It Sail'd, on crowding *Zephyrs* born,
And ev'ry *Love* was Pilot in his Turn:
DIAN tranſported too, beheld *It* fly,
And to the *Taper* grew Her aking Eye.

But *CUPID* tim'rous ſaw *It*'s Height in Air,
And thought His *Bird* too Diſtant from His Care;
'Twas He *The MESSENGER* decreed to ſend,
And wou'd (by Proxy) on His *Bird* attend:

What

What better than a *Billetdeux* may prove,
The Tender *Repreſentative* of *LOVE?*
Fo lo! The *Maid* a *gilded Sheet* imparts,
That breath'd unfeigned Flames, and real Darts.
Led by the *Clue*, *Its* rapid Flight It ſteers,
And to the *Bird*, his Airy Summons bears.

Ah! What avail *It's* eaſy-waving Wings?
And Length of *Tail*, that boaſts Succeſſive *Acts of Kings!*
How frail our Span of Time! How fix'd its Date,
And greateſt Works muſt one Day yield to Fate!
Sleep-breaking Care, Gay Pleaſure, and Pale Woe,
Meet in one Stream! and in one Channel flow!
Virtue but like a ſhining Vapour flies!
And when it brighteſt Blazes, ſooneſt Dies!

For *Juno* now (ah! too relentleſs Queen!).
Saw *CUPID's Bird*, ſaw *CUPID's* Joy with Pain!
Her paſt Diſhonour all Her Breaſt alarms,
Venus prefer'd, and Her own ſlighted Charms!
Now from Her Eye a Gleam of Envy breaks,
And all the *Goddeſs* to Revenge awakes.
"Shall *Juno* then Inglorious quit the Field?
"And Unreveng'd the Palm of Beauty yield?
"If *Ida's* Goddeſs boaſts ſuperiour Charms,
"Why did *my Jove* prefer me to His Arms?
"But, ſtill Her Impious Hands detain the Prize,
"Her Pow'r encreaſes! And Her Altars riſe!
"While I to partial *Fate* unheard complain,
"And call for Vengeance to the Gods in vain!
"But ſwift thro' Æther let my *IRIS* glide,
"And hang my keeneſt *Sciſſars* by Her Side:

"For

"For lo! where yonder glimm'ring Ray appears,
"Her *Urchin's Bird* it's airy Journey ſteers!
"There all His Joy on *One ſmall Thread* depends,
"*That* Cut, --at once His Hope and Empire ends!

She ſaid: and *Iris* to her Charge repairs,
And reach'd the String, and clos'd the fatal Sheers!

Thrice was the baleful Raven heard to croak,
And Hollow Groans from Heavy Echo's broke!
Schreech-Owls around the dire Event foreſhew,
And *Cynthia* from the Mournful Scene withdrew!
NIGHT, ſilent, bore *It* Blazing thro' the Air,
And deck'd Her Mantle with the Riſing *STAR*.

FINIS.

A Kqwxe auto Bi. Los

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